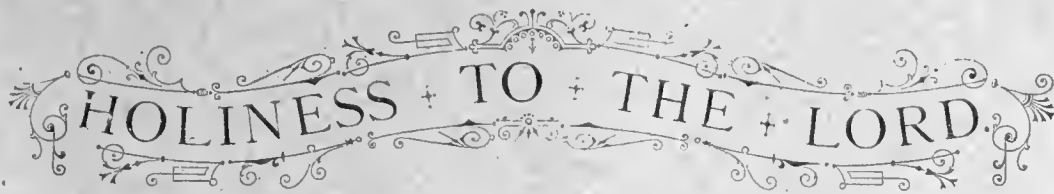


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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

Hudley Mrs

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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OFFICE, 236 W. SOUTH TEMPLE STREET.

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THE undersigned takes great pleasure in announcing a forthcoming volume, which was contemplated and partially prepared twenty years ago—when a measurably complete biographical outline of the subject appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The book has been in active progress and revision during the past four years; but has been delayed by circumstances well-known to the public, long past the time at which we had hoped to issue it. It is

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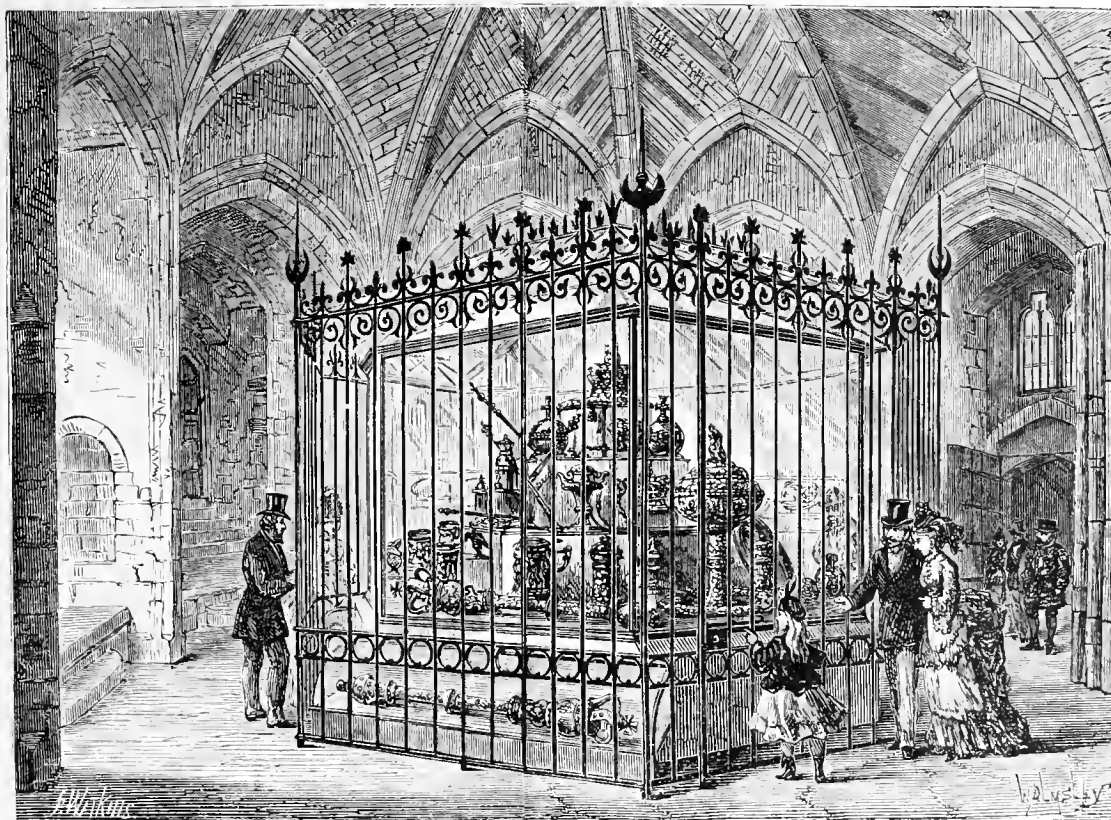
NO. 15.

THE REGALIA OF ENGLAND.

IN that old fortress on the Thames called the Tower of London is to be found many collections of great historical interest. Not least among these is the jewel house containing the regalia of England, the ensigns of royalty. The regalia of England were, prior to the Reformation, in the keeping of the monks of Westminster Abbey, and they are

the present day and can be seen by the visitor to the tower.

The regalia, strictly so called, consist of the crown, the sceptre with the cross, the verge or rod with the dove, the staff of Edward the Confessor, the blunt sword of mercy called Cartana, the two sharp swords of justice, spiritual and



still presented to the sovereign at the coronation by the dean and other officers of that church. During the Civil War, the crown and most of the regalia fell as booty to Puritan zeal; and on the restoration of the royal family, new ensigns had to be made for the coronation of Charles II., which, with occasional alterations and repairs, have continued in use down to

temporal, the ampulla or receptacle for the coronation oil, the anointing spoon, the spurs of chivalry, and various other royal vestments. In this jewel room are also a smaller crown, sceptre and orb for the coronation of a queen-consort, two other queen-consorts' sceptres—one of ivory made for Marie d'Este; and the state crown of silver and diamonds,

which was used at the coronation of Queen Victoria, containing a large ruby and sapphire. The Prince of Wales' crown of gold without stones is modern.

The collection is surmounted by the crown of the present reigning sovereign of Great Britain, Queen Victoria, and is adorned in accordance with the taste of the present time. The cap of purple velvet is enclosed in hoops of silver, surmounted by a ball and cross, all of which are resplendent with diamonds. In the center of the cross is the 'inestimable sapphire;' and in front of the crown is the heart shaped ruby said to have been worn by the Black Prince.

In addition to these crowns and sceptres are a baptismal font, used at the christening of royal children; various dishes, spoons and other articles of gold, used at the coronation; and a beautiful service of sacramental plate, used at the same august ceremony.

Our engraving illustrates the Jewel House, in which the regalia is now exhibited, which was completed for their reception in 1842, although we learn from the ancient records that the crown jewels were first kept in the Tower of London some six centuries ago.

Jewels require the concomitants of royalty, of beauty, and of grandeur, with which they are ever associated in our thoughts, to be seen in all their lustre. Still the splendor of this magnificent display of gems will strike the visitor, even in the simple apartment in which they are preserved.

This collection, if a commercial value was placed upon it, is variously estimated to be worth from five to six million dollars.

The decorating with crowns of various kinds and for different occasions dates away back into the past. Crowns were originally garlands of leaves; and in this form they have probably been used as an ornament for the head by almost every people. They were much used by both the classical nations on joyous and solemn occasions. Among the Greeks the crown was sometimes used as an emblem of office; sometimes as an ornament for the heads of the victors in the public games; and sometimes as a mark of distinction for citizens who had merited well of their country. Crowns of the latter class were made at first of twigs of laurel, but latterly of gold. The Romans used crowns to a greater extent than the Greeks, chiefly as rewards of valor. The most highly prized was the one which was bestowed by a beleaguered or army on the general who rescued them. It was made of grass or wild flowers gathered from the place which had been enclosed by the enemy.

There was another Roman crown which was bestowed on him who first scaled the wall of a besieged city. It was a golden ring surmounted with turrets and battlements. It is often used in modern heraldry.

As an emblem of sovereignty in modern Europe, the crown was borrowed from the diadem and the crowns of antiquity. Alexander the Great adopted the custom from the kings of Persia. In modern states, crowns were of many different forms, till heralds devised a regular series of them to mark the various gradations of sovereignty from that of the emperor down to what are now called the coronets of counts and barons. So entirely was the crown regarded as the symbol of sovereignty that the word has often come to be used as synonymous with the monarchy—a sense in which they still speak of the crown of England, and the domains and possessions of the crown.

The crowns of kings and emperors are closed above, whilst that of a noble is merely an open circlet surrounding the head; hence, to close the crown has been the ambition of princes desirous of shaking off the authority of feudal superiors and assuming a complete sovereignty.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.

BY J. T. J.

SWITZERLAND is emphatically the country of the Alps. In beautiful and picturesque scenery it stands without a rival in the civilized world. Alps piled upon Alps meet the gaze at every turn as far as the eye can reach. The view from their lofty summits is grand and impressive. Ranges of ponderous peaks, appearing blue and cloudlike, bound the limits of vision. Often, on a pleasant, cloudless morning, long rows of white fleecy fog fill the lower valleys, marking their winding courses far and near. As the sun rises in its course the vapor is dissipated—the veil is lifted, and the beauties of nature are displayed. The white snow-capped summits shining in the clear noon-day sun form an ever-pleasing contrast with the thick forests of pine and cedar that clothe their bases with a covering of sombre green, while below winds the narrow well-cultivated valley, dotted over with neat villas and hamlets. Herds of cattle and sheep crop the rich verdure of the little plain, rest in the shade of some favorite old tree along the bank, or stand in the cool glassy stream as it moves slowly on. Merry streamlets and calm lakes glitter and sparkle in the brilliant rays of the sun, while the foaming cataract leaping from some Alpine precipice appears like a silver ribbon. Surrounding all are rugged crags and peaks, down which glittering icy glaciers extend, and along which the thunder of the rolling avalanche is often heard; but it detracts not from the beauty of the valley. Taken altogether, an Alpine valley forms a picture of enchanting loveliness not soon forgotten.

Mount Pilate rises in seven bold and rugged peaks, surrounding a small lake, where, according to the tradition of the country, Pontius Pilate drowned himself. In the early part of the present century the precipitous sides of these rough, uneven peaks were covered with a dense growth of valuable pine timber. The dark evergreen forest appeared almost impenetrable; and the supply, could it only be got at, would be well-nigh inexhaustible. But it stood in a spot deemed inaccessible; and for hundreds of years the giant trees had tossed their sighing branches derisively in their elevated position, as if defying alike the power of man and the storm.

At length a long European war broke out, and there was at once a great demand for timber. Many ports had been blockaded and the supply cut off. If the timber of Mount Pilate could reach the market it would bring the producer a fortune indeed. Enterprising men of scientific attainments visited the spot for the purpose of devising some means to reach the wealth that they knew lay in the pine forest; but they shook their heads and went away disappointed. In 1816, M. Rupp and three other noted Swiss engineers ascended the mountain, and ere long they had a plan matured. They were the men for the occasion. They believed human genius capable of surmounting almost every obstacle if work was only pushed ahead with energy and perseverance, and with an eye fixed on success. They came down fully satisfied that they should succeed; and in a short time a hundred and sixty men had been sent upon the mountain side to work. Large pine trees were cut down, stripped of their bark, and fastened firmly together in such a manner as to form an immense trough about six feet in width and from three to six feet deep. This was carried in an undeviating line down the side of the mountain, over rocks and crags, along the sides of huge ledges, over defiles and deep gorges, in mid-air, a hundred and twenty feet from the bottom, supported by long

props and scaffoldings, through tunnels under-ground, and in many places it was even attached high up the rugged face of granite cliffs. In eighteen months the great structure was finished. It was eight and a half miles in length, required 25,000 large pine trees to construct it, and cost about \$21,250. Water from the mountain rills was let in at various points, and conducted along a groove in the center to keep the bottom wet, and thus diminish the friction and prevent its taking fire.

The timber was now cut down, and the most valuable portion worked to the upper part of the stupendous chute, or slide, as it was termed, and preparations made for running it down. Workmen were stationed at intervals along the line, and when everything was ready the man at the bottom cried out lustily "*lachez*" (let go). The word was taken up by the next man above, and passed on from man to man until it reached the top, when the man holding the prepared timber shouted back, "*il vient*" (it comes), and immediately let go the tree—perhaps three or four feet in diameter, and a hundred feet in length. The word was passed down in advance, and those below were informed of its coming.

Ere long a low murmur was heard, like the sighing of the wind among the branches of the pine forest above, growing louder and louder with each succeeding moment until it resembled the rush and roar of the hurricane, and then the forest was filled with the roar of thunder; the vast structure began to jar and tremble, and then the huge tree dashed into sight above, flashed past with almost the tremendous velocity of lightning, and with a splash and splurge, plunged into the depths of Lake Lucerne at the bottom. Professor Playfair tells us that he found it impossible to strike even the largest logs twice with a stick while they were passing. The velocity of a cannon ball has been estimated at eight miles per minute; and the speed of the descending trees as they dashed down this famous Alpine slide was often one-fourth as great, and sometimes even more. Their usual time in passing down the chute—eight and one-half miles—was about six minutes; though they have been known to run it in *two minutes and a half*—a velocity four or five times greater than that of the swiftest locomotive that ever runs.

At one time an arrangement was made near the lower end, where the speed was the swiftest, to throw the descending trunks from the slide, as an experiment, to show the force acquired by such a fearful descent. A large trunk was let go from the upper end and came on with the speed of the whirlwind. It reached the obstacle placed in its way, and leaping from the slide it plunged into the solid earth to the depth of twenty-four feet. Another followed and buried itself eighteen feet in the ground. A third by accident struck against another, with a sound like the boom of a cannon, and cleft it completely asunder, from end to end, as though it had been struck by a bolt of lightning. The shock was fearful. A cloud of dust raised over the spot, and stones and splinters flew in every direction.

The timber was collected in the lake and formed into immense rafts, when it was floated down the Reuss and Aar into the river Rhine, and from thence onward to the sea, where a ready market was found. In this way millions of feet of valuable pine was run from the base of Mount Pilate; but at length the war ceased, and the blockaded ports were thrown open; and as this mode of obtaining timber was attended with considerable expense, large quantities could be procured elsewhere cheaper, and the celebrated slide of Alpnach was suffered to fall to ruin. Hardly a vestige of the magnificent structure remains to mark the spot.

UP THE HILL.

Up a steep and rocky hillside
Climbed a little child one day,
Heedless of all stones and briars,
Hastening, panting, all the way;
Hair all flying in the breezes,
On she went with cheeks aglow,
Though her tiny feet were weary,
And her steps became more slow.
But she never faltered 'till she
Reached the summit; then stood still,
And with childhood's joyous laughter,
Shouted, "I am up the hill!"

Backward through the misty shadows
Of the years that since have flown,
Comes that echo to my fancy
Like some long-forgotten tone.
I can almost feel the bounding
Of that baby heart again,
As the world lay stretched before me
In that long ago. Since then
I have climbed another hillside,
And am toiling upward still,
And the evening shades as ever
Find me climbing up the hill.

But this hill seems so much longer,
And the way sometimes so steep,
That 'tis hard to keep the pathway,
And to shun its pitfalls deep.
Then the briars on life's journey,
Harder are to thrust aside,
And most all that early courage,
With that fresh young hope has died.
Many of the dearly loved ones
Now are lying cold and still,
And have left me sad and lonely,
Slowly climbing up the hill.

But the summit of life's mountain
Must be very near to me,
And I know when I have finished
All my climbing, I shall see
That if oft times I have labored
When I fain would stop and rest,
It had made the rest but sweeter—
For the Father knoweth best.
And perhaps ere long—who knoweth?—
I may cry out with a thrill
Of that same old joyous rapture,
"I am safely up the hill!"

EVERY duty brings its peculiar delight, every denial its appropriate compensation, every thought its recompense, every love its elysium, and every cross its crown; pay goes with performance as effect with cause. Meanness over-reaches itself; vice vitiates whoever indulges in it; the wicked wrong their own souls; generosity greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures. God does not require us to live on credit, He pays us what we earn as we earn it; good or evil, heaven or hell, according to our choice.

THE ZUNI INDIANS.

BY FRANK BRADSHAW.

(Continued from Page 223.)

THE Zunis are filthy in their habits, eating *burros* (donkeys) and almost anything a dog will eat. The rich are nicer feeders than the poor. There are rich and poor among them, also class distinctions to some extent. Some of the men are very rich in sheep and cattle.

In regard to their table delicacies, one of the missionaries related the following incident, prefacing his story by saying a man to be a successful Indian missionary must have a strong stomach:

"On my first visit to the Zunis I was welcomed with all signs of satisfaction, and received numerous invitations to dine out; was offered prairie dog cooked whole—not even denuded of its outer bark. This I courteously declined, and had recourse to the small store of provisions I had brought from my home.

"I had been told by old Indian missionaries that to be successful I should eat with them, and felt anxious to become a success, but could not bring myself up to that standard just then. I had fasted nearly four days, my supplies from home being exhausted, when I received an invitation to supper with the family of one of the Caziques. Impelled by hunger I accepted, but imagine my feeling when a *burros*' (donkey's) head was brought in on a great dish. Hide, hair and ears, were all there, and when I saw the ready hands of my friends reach out and strip off the hide, and their fingers gorge out those protruding eyes, my head grew dizzy at the revulsion my nature underwent, and the weakness induced by my long fast. Faint and weak I returned to my hut across the river, and left for home in the early morning; and that donkey's head like a night-mare, haunted me in my sleep for many a night; I fancy I see it now, its dark, long hair, grisly, greased and scorched, clinging matted and close to the skull, a sickly, simple, idiotic smile seemed to play on its lips, and its left ear was lopped over, in a serio-comic style, that seemed to make it look still more uncanny and ghoul-like."

Let us change the subject.

I was anxious to see one of the Albinos. I was told there were eight in the village, and sure enough on stepping into one of the better kind of houses, there with its mother was a child of the Albino type, "*white and delightsome*," indeed, a little over two years old, its skin whiter than the whitest skin of the Anglo Saxon. It seemed like an angel, or creature from some other sphere. It was not alone the contrast with the dark, swarthy skin of its mother and the other children standing there that gave its skin the white, transparent beauty I beheld—there it was, real, white and delightsome to our eyes. I could not refrain from gazing upon it. Its little neck and bosom were bare, and were lustrous in their whiteness. It had kind, large, light eyes and light yellow hair. I gave her some money. How the ladies of Utah would go in raptures over her, and I, even I, for the first time in my life, wanted to possess some one else's child (that is, of that age, you know).

The origin of this freak of nature I cannot tell—the parents both were very dark Zunis—the father an Alcalde. It may come from the impressions of the race, reaching back in the past, or may be prophetic of the future state of these now degraded people, when they shall attain that position foretold in the Book of Mormon, and truly will the simple but beautiful

expression of that book, "white and delightsome," be of marked application should our dusky brethren and sisters assume the appearance and beauty of this Albino.

But strange to say, the Albino or white Indians are held in low esteem by the Zunis, and hereby I am reminded of one of their peculiar traditions which points out the reason of this low esteem for the white skin. They say that at the creation the Great Oniaaniaka (God) took some white clay and made a white man; then he took some black clay and made a negro; not yet to his taste, he mixed the clays and produced the dusky shade of which the Zunis are the proud representatives.

I may also name as one of their traditions, they profess a knowledge of a deluge, claiming that a few of their race gained access to a cave on the top of an exceeding high mountain where they were shut in until the rain ceased and the waters dried away.

Their mode of handing down their history and traditions is a very natural one for them under the ignorance in which they are enshrouded. Their Historical Society consists of their most aged Caziques and other men, who meet on certain occasions each year, and there rehearse in the hearing of each other the history and traditions of the past. New members, composed of young men of the tribe, are introduced each year to listen to their recitals, who in turn, as their ancestors go to "the happy hunting ground," give their recitals to others, and so their traditions and history are handed down.

There are hieroglyphics found inscribed on the rocks that line the sides of the Zuni wash, but they are of so rude a character that one fails to see how they may be deciphered with any result as to obtaining the past history of this people.

Their dead are buried in the village, in a yard fenced off with a low mud wall, situated in its center and immediately in front of the old Catholic church. The yard is about 75x150 feet, and has been used for hundreds of years past. To this main village are brought all the Zunis for burial—and they must lie there, in that small enclosure, very thick indeed. The graves are dug to a depth of four or five feet. The body, wrapped in blankets, is committed to the thickly inhabited city of the dead without a coffin. A prayer is offered by the priest of the deceased's tribe.

At my visit I found the graveyard in a very neglected state. Some human bones were on the surface, mingling with the bones of cattle and sheep, also other debris with which the graveyard was encumbered. Depressions in the earth marked the places of recent interments, and the large but mutilated cross, standing as a sentinel in the midst of this heterogeneous commingling of the remains of the depraved and fallen ones of our race, seemed emblematical, or rather to intimate that the arms of the blessed Savior were not outstretched in supplication to the Father for the departed or even the living of this race.

The church, probably some three hundred years old, standing with its front to the graveyard, is a large, rude hall 30x120 feet, with walls four feet thick and some twenty feet to the square; a rude belfry surmounts it, in which are suspended four bells weighing about one hundred and seventy-five pounds each, of ancient manufacture.

As I stood inside the ruin, for such the church is, I could not help but respect the zeal which must have animated the priests of the Catholic church who at so early a period came among this people and erected this building. Its walls are now fast melting away under the wear of the heavy rains, and up near the west end the walls threaten to fall in at any

moment, bringing in the heavy roof in its fall. In the west end is a large alcove once occupied by the altar, where still remains some fine carving in wood—the figure of St. Peter with a mitre on his head and the usual attire of the priests of Rome, holding in his left hand a large globe. This is a finely executed piece of carving, and together with the carved frame surrounding it, occupies the whole space of the alcove, measuring about 8x12 feet.

Governor Cacoty has in his possession the rich silk vestments and the Bible of the first Catholic priest who visited and lived with them. The Bible is of very old style, with illuminated illustrations. The robes are ornamented with the cross, and their style throughout denotes the religious order of the former wearer, who may have made his advent among these people soon after the conquest of Mexico—probably about 1540, A. D., when the present site of Albuquerque was selected. These relics are only shown on grand occasions.

(To be continued.)

LESSONS ON HEALTH.

BY E. F. P.

CHAPTER VII.—MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

THE human body is the most wonderful structure or piece of machinery that we are acquainted with; and the accomplishments that mankind are capable of are quite marvelous. But it is not the object at present to discourse upon the wonders of the human system. It is desirable though to call attention to the necessity and benefit of learning somewhat of the extent to which the human powers can be exercised when they are properly cultivated.

The great difference between man and the lower creations of animal life is that he has mental faculties which are susceptible of being cultivated to a much greater degree than those of any other living being. Physically alone man is much weaker than most other animals; but his physical and mental strength combined make him far more powerful than the lower creatures. In order to develop the marvelous powers which we inherit, they should be exercised or brought into use. To have a well-balanced constitution it is necessary to have our mental faculties developed equally with our physical organs. A person who fails to cultivate his mind will become mentally deformed, and will be as imperfect a specimen of humanity as one who is deformed in body or limb. Again, when one neglects to take physical exercise, and devotes his whole time to the cultivation of his mind, he is liable to lose strength, and his life becomes a failure. The first thing necessary to a healthy constitution, both mental and physical, is bodily strength. A child should not be forced to study too much while young, or it may hinder his physical development; nor should his mental training be neglected too long, or he will grow up without a taste or inclination for mental study. Both powers should be developed together as much as possible, though while very young a child's physical exercise should be the greatest. Even in riper years, if a person's pursuit requires the exercise of his mental faculties the most, he should make arrangements to get plenty of bodily exercise to keep up physical strength. It is not the best plan to neglect bodily exercise for the purpose of devoting one's entire time to study. It is true that there are instances where men

who possessed weak bodies were strong in mind, but the probability is they would have been stronger in mind had they possessed more bodily health. It is also a fact that to be brilliant in intellectual accomplishments, and to be able to perform mental labor with ease and without injury to the system, bodily strength is indispensable.

Those whose occupations require muscular energy mostly should make it a point to devote a good part of their leisure time to the cultivation of the mind, and thereby develop all their powers equally. While those who labor mostly with their minds should take sufficient bodily exercise to keep up strength.

It is a well-known fact that diseases attack a person in his weakest part; hence the necessity of having a diversity of exercise in order to strengthen every muscle, and develop every organ of the system. Merely walking for exercise is not enough, for then only a few of the muscles are brought into use. Some kind of labor or amusement that will require the use of the arms and body, as well as the lower limbs, is much better. Then, again, the lungs need considerable exercise—more than they very often get. With many the lungs become subject to consumption through the lack of exercise. It is said millions of the air cells in the lungs of adult persons become useless through neglect. This shows that the human voice, like many other physical endowments, might be developed far more than it generally is. As examples of what the system is capable of performing, we might call to mind instances where we have witnessed the performances of orators or singers who possessed remarkably powerful voices; then, again, of athletic experts who have displayed wonderful muscular power; and of individuals whose memories and other mental abilities have been developed to a miraculous extent. Imagine all these powers combined and you will get some idea of what development our bodies are capable of. All these accomplishments can be possessed to a great degree by the same individual, for they do not conflict with each other. The acquirement of one rather helps the other. Bodily strength is beneficial to mental ability, as well as to the cultivation of the powers of the voice, while the intelligence of the brain enables us to use judgment in cultivating our other powers properly.

It should be the aim of every one to develop all the powers of his mind and body to the greatest extent possible, not only as an accomplishment or as a means to be used in earning a livelihood, but for the purpose of insuring to the body a greater degree of health.

Besides such exercises as have been referred to, everyone should make it a practice to train the eye to distinguish colors, to measure distances, to grasp at a glance the outline or form of an object; and the ear to note readily the differences in sounds, and so on. Such work, perhaps, belongs more properly to the cultivation of the perceptive faculties, but the education of the different physical organs to the purpose for which they were intended, helps to strengthen them and to make them more serviceable and enduring.

God, liberal and magnificent as He is in all else, teaches us, by the wise economy of His providence, how circumspect we ought to be in the use of our time, since He never gives us two moments together, and He grants the second only after withdrawing the first and whilst retaining in His hand the third, of whose possession we are not at all assured.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

"TOO MANY OF WE?"

A TRUE STORY.

"MAMMA, is there too many of we?"

The little girl asked with a sigh.

"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,
If a few of your children should die."

She was only three years old—the one
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,
As she saw her mother's impatient frown
At the children's boisterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her stood,
And the mother was sick and poor,
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time, no place;
For the little one least of all;
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,
And pondered in childish way
How to lighten the burden she could not share,
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare
In her tiny white trundle-bed
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said, and the words were low,
Feeling tears that she could not see—
"You won't have to work and be tired so
When there ain't so many of we."

But the little daughter that went away
From the house that for once was stilled,
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,
What a place she had always filled.

When true friends meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sunbeam through a shower;
A watery ray an instant seen,
The darkly closing clouds between.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO. 13.

1. Who besides Brother Jones informed the Governor of the danger to the brethren? A. Elder Cyrus H. Wheelock.

2. What did Ford then assert? A. That the prisoners should be protected and have a fair trial.

3. After entering the prison what did Brother Wheelock give the Prophet? A. A six-shooting pistol, called a "pepper-box."

4. In giving Hyrum Smith a single-barrel pistol what did Joseph say? A. "You may have use for this."

5. What was Hyrum's reply? A. "I hate to use such things, or to see them used."

6. How did Joseph answer? A. "So do I, but we may have to defend ourselves."

7. What was Joseph's special charge to Brother Wheelock? A. That he should use all his influence to have the brethren and friends of Joseph remain perfectly calm.

8. What reason did the Prophet give in his remarks for the danger in which they were placed? A. That it was because of their revealing the wicked and blood-thirsty purposes of their enemies.

9. Were these charges true? A. Yes, but as Joseph said, "it is not always wise to relate all the truth."

10. When Dr. Richards proposed to write down the numerous messages that were to be sent through Elder Wheelock what did Hyrum Smith say? A. "Brother Wheelock will remember all we tell him, and will never forget the occurrences of this day."

THE names of those who correctly answered the Questions on Church History are as follows:—Annie S. Sessions, Lottie J. Fox, H. H. Blood.

PRIZES AWARDED.

AFTER a careful perusal of the lists of Answers to Questions on Church History, published in the first twelve numbers of this volume, we have adjudged the following entitled to the prizes:—

Annie Sylvia Sessions, first prize; one year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

Lottie J. Fox, second prize; a book entitled, "How to Learn and Earn."

Avildia L. Page, third prize; a work entitled, "Every-day Doings."

MORE PRIZES.

WE will continue publishing Questions and Answers on Church History, and will give the following prizes to those who will send us the best and most correct lists of answers to the questions published in the last twelve numbers of this volume.

FIRST PRIZE.—One year's subscription to the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

SECOND PRIZE.—A work on Natural History, in two volumes.

THIRD PRIZE.—The History of Oregon.

As this announcement appears late, we will receive answers to the Questions in Nos. 13 and 14 until the 31st of August.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. WHEN Brother Dan Jones was refused admittance into the jail whom did he send in to see Joseph? 2. What did the Prophet do while he was there? 3. To whom did Brother Babbitt hand the letter with instructions to take it to Quincy forthwith? 4. Did the guard know that a letter had been written? 5. What did they tell the mob the letter contained? 6. What endeavor did they make to get the letter? 7. Why did they not succeed in obtaining it? 8. Whom did the Prophet next send out of the jail on an errand? 9. How did the Carthage Greys behave towards him as he was returning to the jail? 10. What hymn did Elder Taylor sing in the afternoon? 11. How did this singing please Joseph?

THE GIFT OF SEEING.

A PROUD and happy man is he,
All Nature's secrets knowing,
Who reads God's truths on land and sea
And reaps contentment's sowing;
Who knows the Lord inflicts no dearth
Without a blessing to it,
And that enjoyment of the earth
Depends on how you view it;
That Nature's hieroglyphics traced
On heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Are object-lessons teaching truth—
Interpreted in motion;
That all of these harmonious blend

With no truth disagreeing,
And each its message yields to those
Who have the gift of seeing.
So every true and perfect thing
Yields to his soul its sweetness;
A monarch he, and more than king,
Who knows the grand completeness.

I. E. Jones.

MARGIE'S MOTTO.

"OH, how hot it is!" sighed little Nellie Ferguson. "And what a bad smell comes in at the window! Don't you wish the Loughlins wouldn't throw their swill out on the roof, Margie?"

"What's the use of wishing anything about the Loughlins?" answered Margie wearily. "Come away from the window, Nellie, and help me to sort these cold pieces. Daddy'll be in presently, and he'll want his supper."

"Has daddy got any work yet, Margie?"

"Not yet," was the answer. And Nellie sighed sorrowfully.

"Oh, Margie"—as she began to separate the crusts of bread and scraps of meat that she and her sister had begged for—"don't you wish we could go and live in the country? I remember what mother used to tell us about the farm where she was raised, and the apples that grew there, and the dairy where they made the butter; and how she used to drive the cows home, and pick berries in the lane. Wouldn't I like to live in a place like that!"

"Hush!" said Margie, quickly. "Here comes daddy."

There was a slow step on the stairs, and presently a man's face, thin and anxious-looking, appeared at the door. The children ran to their father, and he put his arms around them tenderly. "No work yet, honey," as Margie looked wistfully into his eyes; "an', bad news on top o' bad news—Mellen says we can't stop here another day without payin' the rent. So there's nothin' left for us but to tramp."

"To-night, daddy?"

"Yes, honey, right away. Tie up your duds in a bundle—we can't take any o' the furniture—and let's be off before Mellen gits around here to cuss and swear at us."

"Where can we go?" asked Nellie, beginning to cry.

(To be continued.)

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1888.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THERE is probably no subject that has called forth more earnest thought on the part of thinking people among us than that of education. Great regret has been felt by many that we do not have better facilities for training our children in the principles of our religion. The increase of schools kept by sectarians of different denominations in our cities, towns and villages has not escaped the notice of the Latter-day Saints. The measures which these people have taken to induce the children of our Territory to attend them have been of such a character as to attract attention, especially when they have been successful in gaining scholars from the families of the members of our Church.

Having made such great sacrifices for our religion, parents have naturally desired that their children should have the best possible training in its principles. They valued it more than they did their lives, and naturally desire their children to have for it the same love. But no systematic measures applicable to all our settlements have been adopted until quite recently.

At the last General Conference a Board of Education, consisting of nine members, was presented to the Conference to be sustained by vote. Already Stake Boards of Education have been elected in many of the Stakes, and the names of the brethren comprising them have been presented, for the vote of the people, to the Quarterly Conferences held in the Stakes. Expressions of gratification and pleasure are heard upon every hand concerning this movement. It is a cause of thanksgiving that something is likely to be done towards fulfilling the wishes and supplying the wants of the people of the Church.

In Salt Lake City especially, it being the largest city and there being so many young persons whose parents desire them to have an education of this character, there is a great and crying need for a well conducted and thoroughly equipped institution wherein the principles of our religion can be taught in common with secular branches, as they have been at the B. Y. Academy at Provo, and at the B. Y. College at Logan, and at several other academies in the Territory. In this city all the sects that have meeting houses have schools established for the teaching of the young. Education is placed within the reach of all who choose to avail themselves of it, and many members of our Church, we are told, send their children to these places.

We do not wish, in making these remarks, to say one word in condemnation of those who are engaged in these efforts to get influence over our children. They have the privilege to do this, if they can, just as we ought to have the liberty to convert them if in our power to do so. But it would be most deplorable for us to throw down the bars and allow our children to be educated by persons not of our belief after all the pains we have taken to preserve ourselves in the faith which God has revealed, and to disseminate a knowledge of that to the nations of the earth.

We think parents are fully justified in their efforts to teach their children the religion which they have adopted, and which they consider necessary for their salvation; and we claim this as a right. This being the case, there is an imperative demand for a suitable institution of learning to be established in this city. Already steps have been taken looking to this end. Professor James E. Talmage, who has had some experience with Professor Karl G. Maeser in the B. Y. Academy at Provo, has been secured as Principal, and immediate steps will be taken to commence the teaching of the higher branches, in addition to those which are now being taught by Brother Willard Done and his assistants, Brothers Joseph Nelson and Willard Croxall.

The Church will, no doubt, assist these struggling institutions in the various Stakes; but it will require more than the aid of the Church. Our citizens will have the opportunity of making donations towards the accomplishment of this object. It should be our aim to make education in these schools so cheap that all who desire to send their children there can avail themselves of the opportunity. When the importance of this work is fully understood and the beneficent fruits which will attend it are witnessed, no doubt the spirit of liberality in this direction will be manifested by many people.

We do not think that we are over-sanguine in saying that we believe the day is not far distant when we shall have in Salt Lake City, as well as in other cities and towns, the best and soundest institutions of learning to be found on the continent, where true religion and high morality will be taught and enforced, in connection with those branches of learning which are considered necessary to equip a man or a woman for the daily duties of life.

LIBERTY.

MAY she regain her power,
(Thou'rt fallen from thy pedestal,
O goddess fair).

Where once the senate, truth and liberty
Walked hand in hand,
Oppression now, and tyranny,
Vindictive stand; -

Falsehood and prejudice are there,
Justice doth sleep
While they play tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

May her once wielded sceptre
Rescued be;
And from her throne no more be hurled,
Fair Liberty.

May her sovereignty, now curtailed
By senators and laws uncouth,
Again hold undisputed sway
With her twin sister, Truth.

May Liberty regain her throne,
Soon may she coronated be;
May Liberty resume her sway,
Then Zion will be free.

Frances H. Smyth.

July 4th, 1888.

A BEDOUIN CHIEFTAIN.

THE picturesque, but withal very dangerous looking character to whom we are here introduced is Ben Ali Abraham, a war chief among the Arabs. These sons of

suggest it. The name of Arab has ever been synonymous in history and song with dignity, temperance and hospitality, and some of the most charming and famous romances have as their leading characters noble specimens of these sons of the desert.



Ishmael inhabit, as you know, and as their name implies, the deserts of Arabia, and roam over into the northern portions of Africa. Nomads they are, that is, people who have no fixed place of residence, but rove about from place to place, making their home wherever night overtakes them, and moving again whenever their inclination or the needs of their animals

We have described the Arabs above as wanderers or nomads, and such in general they are. But there is a distinction between those who, as Bedouins, levy toll on caravans, and those who, possessed of less spirit and pride, reside in hamlets and lead a settled though miserable existence. The latter are despised by the haughty Bedouins and in our day,

are much inferior to them in courage and enterprise. It is among the Bedouins that the magnificent breed of horses, famous wherever the noble animal is known, is raised in the greatest perfection. Fleet of limb and tireless as the ocean's waves, intelligent and affectionate, no wonder the pride of a tribe is in its coursers, and the birth of a choice foal, a day of tribal jubilee. The camel, that wonderful ship of the desert, is also at home among the Arabians and was formerly bred with the greatest care by the merchants and agriculturists who preferred the sure though slower avenues of commerce to the sudden and precarious plunder of the robbers.

But with the inhabitants, the horses and the camels are now seen in large numbers in the African deserts. There is scarcely any reader who has not heard of the dash and daring of these bold robbers. Impetuous as their own simoon, and almost as irresistible, they swoop down upon a caravan of travelers or merchandise and impose such tribute as they think proper. Rapacity and revenge often render them relentless and cruel, but they are at times generous and high-minded.

Such at least was the chieftain whose portrait you look at. Notwithstanding his armory of weapons, his pistols, knives, scimitar and long-barrelled rifle, he on more than one occasion evinced a humanity and magnanimity which would be creditable in any civilized soldier. His eyes have a cunning, penetrating glance, and his face indicates no especial gentleness. Yet his heart was large and easily reached, and his manners showed tact and rare delicacy. His fame in the story-telling world rests chiefly upon the gallantry of his rescue of a young English maiden from the cruel grasp of a bloodthirsty tribe, who held her for a high ransom and meantime subjected her to every indignity. The recital of his exploits in returning the girl unharmed to her almost despairing parents, bristles with exciting situations and unparalleled adventures from beginning to end.

As to the Arabs as a people, it may be said that they are peculiar among all others of the earth as a nation, which in progress and civilization is at an absolute standstill. During Mohammed's lifetime and for many years subsequently a career of conquest swept their name into the furthest ends of the earth. Since then they have at one point after another been forced back into their sandy plains and plateaus, and there they remain because no other nation covets the dominions which they call their own.

UNFINISHED WORK.—Nothing teaches more impressively man's frailty than his unfinished undertakings. Lying in the quarry near the Syrian city of Baalbec is the largest worked stone in the world, a gigantic block nearly seventy feet in length, almost detached and ready for transportation to its niche in the titanic platform of the Temple of the Sun. It seems as though the workmen had just momentarily left their labor, and we fancy that we must soon see them returning. But forty centuries or more ago some providential emergency called them from their work; and there lies the huge block, and yonder is the cyclopean wall with its vacant niche, one of the most striking and impressive of the unfinished labors of the world. And so the colossal Kutub Minar, though a finished column in itself, is but a fragmentary memorial of a gigantic unfinished plan; and as such it will doubtless stand to teach many generations yet to come that, though man may propose, heaven will dispose.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

BY H. P. DOTSON.

SKETCH No. III.

THE influence of the Holy Ghost upon the actions of men in influencing their conduct, is something entirely above and beyond the reach of the combined wisdom of earth. When destitute of that knowledge-giving power, and men are left to grope their way by their own sagacity, each one differs in some degree from all the rest. And this diversity of opinion is as marked and widely diverging among the wise of earth as among the simple on the subject of religion: and hence, men of gigantic intellects have, from time to time, in past ages led off parties of religionists and formed sect after sect, and to-day this vast multitude of discordant elements constitutes the religious world, and so long as no direct communication is received from the great Head of the church, the same state of affairs must exist, scarcely any two individuals will see and believe alike. There is but one remedy for this state of affairs, which is *immediate* and *direct* revelation.

We shall now proceed to show this was promised by the Savior and enjoyed by the Saints in the first age of Christianity, so long as we have any record of the same by the New Testament writers. Read carefully the following scriptures and reflect: "The Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say."—(*Luke xii*, 12.) "I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist."—(*Luke xxi*, 15.) "I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter, even the spirit of truth, that he may abide with you." "He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance whatsoever I have said unto you."—(*John xiv*, 16, 17, 26. See also chapter, *xvi*, verse 13.) "The spirit of truth will guide you into all truth."

Let us pause and reflect a moment. Here is a promise to be *guided into all truth*. Are the various sects of the day guided into all truth? Are the members of any *one* sect guided into all truth? If so, whence all the wrangling, division and strife among religionists, with a *Lo* here and *Lo* there! The truth is, if they were guided into all truth all would see alike, division and strife would cease, all would be gathered into one fold. But alas, alas, what do we see instead? And to what conclusions are we led? Either that the promise has failed, or that none of these contending sects are the church of Christ, and hence cannot claim the promise. But let us look again at the privileges and blessings enjoyed by early Christians. Prophets were common among them to make God's will known. See the following scriptures: "Wherefore, behold, I send unto you prophets," etc.—(*Matt. xxiii*, 24.) Here prophets are promised, and we find they were actually sent. See the following scriptures, which prove they were common in the church. Among the gifts enumerated by the Apostle Paul as belonging to the church, he mentions prophecy.—(*I. Cor. xii*, 10. Read the whole chapter, and especially the 28th verse.) Here it is expressly declared that "God hath set some in the church, first, apostles; secondarily, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that miracles, then gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues." Here are eight particulars which were placed in the church, but alas! where are apostles, prophets, miracles, gifts of healing and diversities of tongues? All set aside, and teachers, helps and governments retained. Who so blind as not to see that in the absence of these five potent elements there is nothing to keep teachers, helps and govern-

ments from becoming corrupt. "Follow after charity and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy."—(*1 Cor. xiv, Verse 5.*) "I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied." (Read the whole chapter carefully, and note particularly the 24, 26, 29, 30 and 31 verses.) Many other scriptures might be cited, but these are sufficient to show that prophets were common in the Christian church, and we conclude that if they had not been necessary to the very life of the church they never would have been given.

Without direct communication from heaven men will divide and sub-divide on points of doctrine until there will be almost as many faiths as there are different temperaments among men. A sober second thought will convince the sincere inquirer after truth that this will be the inevitable result. And an inquiry into the present divided state of Christendom shows this to be actually the case. While all the sects of the day utterly deny and repudiate apostles, prophets, gifts of healing, miracles, diversities of tongues, etc., which Paul informs us God placed in the church, and *by which alone they could be kept in the unity of the faith*; they are split up into fragments and are quarreling over principles taught by the precepts of men.

And as said above, there is no power short of the spirit of prophesy that can do away with the discordant elements existing among religionists, bring order out of confusion, and once again build up the church in its original purity. Every effort ever made by the wise men of past ages, and in our own age, but widens the breach and multiplies sects.

GEMS OF TRUTH.

BY B. E. RICH.

Baptism.

IF we were to search the kingdom of God from one end to the other, and from side to side, we should not find a single adult believer in the whole heaven, who had not been *baptized* with water.

ORSON SPENCER,
Spencer's Letters, p. 48.

If baptism for the remission of sins was necessary under the Jewish law, in the days of John, it was equally necessary in the days of Solomon, of David, of Samuel, and of Moses. If it was essential to minister the right to Jewish proselytes, that they might receive remission of sins, it was equally essential to the Jews themselves.

ORSON PRATT, *Tract on Water Baptism*, Page 33.

Humiliating as many would consider it in these days to go forth and be buried in water by baptism, the Son of God did not think it beneath Him to thus evince His respect for and obedience to the commandments of His Father. And He taught His disciples to do so likewise, and to teach the necessity of obedience, to this ordinance with others, to all who should believe on His name.

GEO. Q. CANNON,
Western Standard, p. 102.

Though Christ has atoned for the sins of the world, yet He has not forgiven them. Atonement for sins is entirely distinct from the pardon of sins. The first is granted through the mercy of God, in the gift of His Son, independent of the agency of man, the second is granted in Christ, through the

exercise of man's agency. The atonement is by free grace alone without works; while pardon is by free grace alone on condition of works.

ORSON PRATT,

Tract on Water Baptism, p. 43.

Jesus who is one with the Father and whose word is equally binding upon us, says that men must believe in Him, repent of their sins and be baptized, or they will be damned. They were not commanded to be baptized before they were old enough to know what belief and repentance meant; but their belief and repentance were to precede their baptism. After they were baptized with water, they were to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and until they experienced these baptisms they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

GEO. Q. CANNON, *Western Standard*, p. 403.

It is an immutable truth that, except a man be born of the water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. These words proceeded from the mouth of Jesus, the Son of God, the author of our salvation, the founder of our religion. He was perfectly acquainted with the laws necessary to be obeyed in order to affect an entrance into His Father's kingdom, and being thus acquainted, he had the right as well as the knowledge necessary to advance and proclaim this doctrine to the children of men.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

Journal of Discourses, Vol. 14, Page 312.

The Catholic Church profess to be the true church, the ground and pillar of the truth, handed down by regular succession from the ancient church, of which they are still members; and their priesthood and apostles are now of the very same church which the New Testament calls the true church at Rome. These Roman Catholics of modern times profess to be members of the very same church that Paul wrote that epistle to. If they are, I will show you to demonstration, if the scriptures be true, that this doctrine called "Mormonism" is not a new doctrine. Paul, writing to that church, of which they profess to be members, says, "Know ye not, brethren," ye Romans, "that as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have been baptized into his death, being buried with him by baptism into death, that like as Christ rose from the dead, even so ye may walk in newness of life?" Now this epistle containing this doctrine was written by Paul to the church at Rome, and which these modern people called Roman Catholics profess to be members of. If they are what they profess to be, every one of them have been buried with Christ in baptism, and have risen again to newness of life. We will, however, leave them to describe whether that is really the case, or whether they are contented to sprinkle a few drops of water on an infant's face and call that a burial! Paul said that was a principle of the true church of Rome that had been buried with Christ by baptism into death, and risen to newness of life. Have these modern Roman Catholics gone forward repenting of their sins, and been buried in water, in the likeness of the death of Jesus Christ according to this pattern? If they have not, they are a spurious church of Rome, and not real. Therefore, if they be the real church of Rome, it will be no new thing to them when the Latter-day Saints inform them upon being buried with Christ in the likeness of His death. If this is a new doctrine to them, they had better be looking about them to see if they have not got up a counterfeit church of Rome, for Paul knew of only one, and the members of it were all buried with Christ in baptism.

PARLEY P. PRATT,

Journal of Discourses, Vol. 1, Page 301.

DO YOU WEED YOUR GARDEN?

BY S.

IF you do—and most of you have a garden to weed—you know what hard work it is, especially if the weeds have been allowed to grow until their roots are long and go down deep into the ground. No doubt you have often wondered what weeds were made for and why they are allowed to grow at all, and probably no very loving expressions have escaped your lips as you have toiled and sweated with tired arms and aching backs pulling up the “pesky” things.

If any boy has not spent some time in weeding his own or his father's garden he has missed one of the pleasures of existence which, once experienced, he will never forget. By all means go and spend a few hours in the delightful occupation; it will do you good and teach you lessons you cannot learn so well any other way.

The boy who has weeded knows the difference between young weeds and old ones; between pulling or hoeing weeds when they are just beginning to grow and trying to pull up one of those wild clover roots that has burrowed down about eighteen inches into the ground. I have pulled and perspired until it seemed as if my back would break, only to have the obstinate thing break just in time to save my back and leave the root of all the trouble to spring up again as strong and bothersome as ever.

No doubt you are too hot and tired and cross to moralize while you are weeding. But when you sit down to rest, see if the weeds—miserable nuisances as they are—won't teach you something. I can sympathize with you boys, for I have tried it. And I have often wished, just as impatiently as any of you, that there were no weeds. Nevertheless, mean and hateful as they are, they have taught me some good lessons. So I kind of forgive them some of their meanness, though I can't say I am in love with them; unless it be in the same way the boy loved work so well that he could lie right down by it.

Did you ever think how much boys and girls are like gardens? How much care and attention and cultivation and weeding they both take? Weeds grow without any trouble to plant them or even without water. So do bad habits. It seems as easy as “falling off a log,”—and no doubt some of you know how easy that is—to fall into rough, careless, lazy, uncouth, unkind, ungentelemanly ways. So very easy for some boys and girls—men and women too for that matter—to form habits of disobedience, of untruthfulness, of slang phrases if not of actual profanity; to disregard the Sabbath, to use tobacco and other things that are injurious to body and mind. Now all these, and a great many more things that I am not going to expose about you here but which I know about just the same, are weeds of the most noxious and troublesome kind. Do you ever stop to think that you will have to pull them all up some day—not merely cut off the tops but dig away down into your very soul and pull them up by the roots? If you don't think it will be hard work, just go out and try to pull up one of those wild clover roots where the ground is dry and hard. That is easy to what you will find pulling up your bad habits to be.

Yet some foolish and hurtful ways are not so easy to learn. I have seen boys make themselves deadly sick trying to learn to chew and smoke tobacco. Others add the more speedily demoralizing habit of using intoxicating drinks. Some make the silly excuse, “Oh, I can quit whenever I want to.”

What would you think of a man who should deliberately plant his garden with the most troublesome weeds? You tell him how foolish he is, and he replies, “Oh, I can pull them up whenever I want to.” Would you not think, if you did not say, “Why, what a fool that man is; he must be crazy!” And you would not be far from the truth. But he is not half so big a fool as you are if you allow yourself to cultivate bad habits that are undermining your health and ruining your body, and mind, and spirit.

Let me advise you to begin to pull the weeds out of your soul while they are young and easy to get out. Every day you delay they get stronger and harder to eradicate. Men have come to me weeping bitter tears of sorrow that they ever allowed wrong tastes and appetites to obtain the mastery over them. I know men who would gladly serve five years in the penitentiary if that would free them from the chains of passion and sin that they have placed upon themselves. But they find themselves powerless to break the galling fetters that bind them in worse than African slavery. Now you do not want to get into this condition, do you? You want to be happy. Your Heavenly Father wants you to be. He made you that you might be happy. But, as no farmer could be either happy himself or of any use to the community if he allows his farm to run to waste and the weeds to kill out his crops, neither can you if you allow the “Garden of the Lord” within you to be turned into the Devil's truck patch, filled with the seeds of folly and sin.

But you must do something else besides pull weeds if you want to have a garden. A friend asks you to come and see what a beautiful garden he has. You look in amazement for you see nothing but bare ground. Not a tree, not a shrub, not a flower, or fruit, or vegetable—not a weed either. You ask where the garden is. Your friend replies, “Why don't you see it? There is not a weed in it, you can't find another garden like it,” No, nor would you want to. It is not enough to keep weeds down, we must make something better grow up in their place. The best way to keep weeds out of a garden and evil thoughts out of the heart is to plant something that is good and useful in both. You know we are told to overcome evil with good. That means a great deal more than appears at first. No boy or man can become healthy and strong by simply ceasing to use whisky and tobacco and other injurious articles unless he substitutes healthful foods and drinks in their place. So, if you want to become good, noble, useful and happy you must not be satisfied with “ceasing to do evil,” but you must “learn to do well.” Plant in your heart the seeds of love, kindness, patience, charity, cheerfulness, obedience, faith, industry and perseverance in well-doing, and you will find that your spiritual garden will soon be a most lovely and fragrant place where you can enjoy the sweet companionship of pure and heavenly thoughts and where even the Lord will come and walk with you as with Adam in the Garden of Eden.

There are a great many other thoughts suggested by “weeds;” but I must only refer to one more or you will be so tired that I fear you will get disgusted with gardening altogether. No doubt you have noticed how much easier it is to get weeds out after the ground has been watered or after a nice refreshing rain. Now there are certain times when it is easier to get rid of bad habits than it is at others. There are seasons when the Spirit of the Lord seems to be striving to help boys and girls as well as men and women. When the heart is softened and mellowed, the conscience is tender, and our “better nature,” as we sometimes call it, is aroused to seek after all that is pure,

ennobling and God-like. This is the especially favorable time to pull up all our evil habits and desires, and to ask the Lord in faith to plant in our souls the seeds of all divinely noble qualities, and to water them with the dews of His Holy Spirit so that they may spring up and bring forth much fruit to His praise, the benefit, blessing and salvation of those around us, and to our own eternal perfection and happiness.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

AS our people have learned from the daily papers, a large amount of property has been surrendered to Receiver Dyer in order to stop further proceedings in the government suit against the Church. Probably some of the Latter-day Saints may not understand why this has been done, as their means of information have been limited; but to those who have had full opportunities of understanding all the circumstances the reasons therefor have been very clear.

The Receiver, appointed by the court under the Edmunds-Tucker law, claimed everything that the Church owned of real and personal property at the time of the passage of the law—March 3rd, 1887—in fact, he has claimed property that, according to the views of those best acquainted with the law and the circumstances, was legally transferred before the date of the passage of that law. For instance, President Taylor, as Trustee-in-Trust, transferred to the various stake corporations property amounting to two hundred and eighty thousand dollars (\$280,000.00). This was to all intents and purposes, according to the views of those versed in the law, a legal transfer. But doubts have been thrown upon this by those representing the government, and a claim has been made for seventy-five thousand dollars (\$75,000.00) of this amount, the rest having been expended by appropriations for the construction of temples, etc.

If such transfers cannot stand there was no possible way of putting property held by the Trustee-in-Trust after the passage of the law beyond the reach of the claims of the Receiver. The Church had a certain amount of property at the time of the passage of the law which the Trustee-in-Trust felt that it would not be proper for him to dispose of, even if he could have done so. It seemed to be indispensable, and if it had been sold just before the passage of the law, the proceeds realized from the sale would have been claimed by the Receiver, and unless they had been used before the passage of the law, they would have been followed from hand to hand until they would have been recovered, unless somebody would have carried them out of the country and made an exile of himself—a plan which did not appear to strike President Taylor as proper, under the circumstances. As I have before remarked in speaking upon this subject, he felt that if the government were determined to confiscate the property we could not very well prevent it.

By this compromise which has been made the case can doubtless be carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States and the constitutionality of the law be tested. Then we shall see whether our government will consider itself justified in taking from the people their hard-earned accumulations which they have devoted as an offering to the Lord, and spending them in directions for which they were never intended.

A wrong impression appears to have gone out respecting the power of the Receiver over the tithing that is now being paid in. Some have imagined that he could claim that which has been paid in since the 2nd of March, 1887. But this is not so. The law proposed to dissolve the corporation and to take possession of its property; but it did not propose to confiscate that which might hereafter be paid in. Of course, if the Church were to acquire real estate in excess of the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which is the maximum sum permitted under the law of 1862, then it would be liable to escheat and be taken from us. The question has yet to be decided—and before this suit is ended probably it will be decided—whether real estate acquired by the Church prior to 1862 in excess of the value of fifty thousand dollars, can be taken possession of by the government. Some of the government officials have contended that inasmuch as our land was not entered in this city under the Townsite Act prior to 1862, our title was only a squatter title, and we could not hold land thus acquired, if in excess of the amount named. But this is not the general opinion.

The hope is entertained that by this compromise we shall be able to obtain favorable decisions concerning our temples, meeting-houses and other sacred places, and that they will be exempt from future molestation and question. It has been felt that the loss of property which has been seized under this law would be insignificant compared with the loss of our temples and other places. If we can only secure them from spoliation, a great point will have been gained. How this will be remains to be seen, though there are no good reasons why our possession of these should be disturbed.

If the law should be declared constitutional, then we shall lose our property that we have surrendered. If, however, it should be declared unconstitutional, then it is probable that it will be restored to us. There is a feeling in many quarters that it is a great outrage upon us to take possession of our property in this way, but however wide-spread this feeling may be, it has not become crystalized nor assumed shape to be felt in the nation; in other words, there is no public opinion yet been created upon the subject that would have an effect upon the courts or upon Congress.

In reflecting upon these sacrifices that we have been called upon to make, the contrast has arisen between our present circumstances and those which surrounded us in former times. It is not the first time, nor the second, nor the third, that the Latter-day Saints have been robbed of their property. Mobs have driven us from our homes upon several occasions, and have stripped the people of all they possessed. They have been compelled to leave their houses, their lands, their furniture, and other property, and have had their cattle and horses and swine shot down or driven off, and have been compelled to go forth as homeless wanderers. It is different, however, at the present time. We have had to surrender considerable property. But the attempt to seize this has assumed a new form. Previously the attacks upon us were without the sanction of law; in fact, were in violation of law; but in the present case that which has been done to us is under the form of law, and is not done by an irresponsible mob. Yet there is not the suffering connected with this attempt to take property from us that accompanied former schemes of spoliation. It is true, many of our brethren have been compelled to go to prison, and the sufferings of women and children in their feelings because of the outrages that have been committed upon them and upon their fathers and husbands can never be told. But the people, as a people, have been comfortably situated; they

have had good homes; they have had plenty of food; they have had a degree of peace and have not been called upon to endure the physical suffering and the privations that the Saints endured in the states of Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. In this respect the conditions are greatly changed.

The taking of this property, however, will be another testimony to the Lord of the willingness of the Latter-day Saints to submit to every kind of wrong rather than to relinquish their religion or deny the faith which has been committed to them. It will not be without its effect. The loss of property will not impoverish us; it will not enrich anyone else; but it will stand as a constant testimony to our nation and to the world that we are willing to submit to cruel wrongs rather than to resist evil by violence or to yield our faith in the principles which God has revealed. The Lord can easily make up to us in an abundant manner for all we shall lose. This has been the case in the past. Every time that we have been stripped our circumstances afterwards have been improved. It will be so in the present instance. The Lord will increase the wealth of the Latter-day Saints. He has made this promise unto us, on the condition that we shall keep His commandments. That promise will be fulfilled; but we shall be tested and tried in order to prove our integrity, and that we may have the opportunity of exhibiting our faith. If we are steadfast in and devoted to the principles which He has revealed, He will not desert us, neither will any promise that He has made unto us be unfulfilled.

SINCE writing the foregoing we have received intelligence of a gratifying nature which leads us to hope that our efforts to secure our Temple Block in this city from future question and molestation may be successful, and that temples, meeting-houses and other sacred places will likewise be exempted from further question. No doubt, our daily papers will give full particulars of this in due time. It will be a cause of unalloyed happiness to us all if these places, which are so dear to every Latter-day Saint, and which have been dedicated to the service of our God, are made safe from future attack.

SILENT INFLUENCES.

BY AUGUSTA JOYCE CROCHERON.

UPON a few occasions during my goings back and forth in Utah I have observed some little things that I have often since reflected upon.

It is an idea that a mother's influence is most appreciated when years of mature reflection come, and that that influence is apparent more to the family than to any one else, but I know that there have been mothers who being dead, have yet spoken to strangers by tokens beyond praise of tongue or pen.

Upon one occasion while traveling southward to visit my parents, the person whom I had hired to take me on my journey, to my surprise, stopped at a poor log house and asked for accommodations, which the man consented to in a hesitating way I did not understand. I went into the house with my three little ones, and being surrounded by little strangers I knew there must be a mother. At last I inquired for her.

The largest girl, about eleven years of age and who was holding the baby of one year, answered: "Ma has been dead three weeks."

"And who takes care of the children?" I asked.

"Me and pa."

"But the housework, my poor little girl?"

"We do it; my ma never hired help."

I thought that the best thing for me to do was to help get the supper instead of letting that little girl wait on me, and by her assistance and showing where things were, we had as cosy a time as I could have with the sad thoughts that would keep coming up behind all our talk. Such little interruptions and breaks in our talks as, "Oh, yes, that's how ma used to do it; I don't always remember just how she used to tell me to do things, and now sometimes I'm troubled so, not remembering, and the children have to be watched, too."

When supper time came the father looked surprised and pleased. "Well, daughter, I'm right proud you've done so well for this lady."

But the daughter could not keep quiet with her honors.

That night when I helped her put four sleepy little ones to bed I noticed the pretty, hand-made lace on the little night-gowns and the pillow slips; the patch-work quilts made of such tiny pieces, some of them home-dyed, the flannel underwear all her own spinning and weaving, and some of the little stockings not yet worn through where she had last darned them. I saw patches that I knew a practiced hand had sewed, so even and neat were they; and the bleached muslin window curtains and shelf tidies all trimmed with hand-made lace.

"I know what you're looking at. Ma made that lace; I can see her do it yet, just as plain; that was when she was resting."

The milk was brought in and attended to. "We milk fourteen cows. Pa milks them now. Ma was just as well as ever; she was always tired, though; and she got cold and had pneumonia and died in four days. I wish you could have seen my ma, you don't know what she was like, but she told us children to always be Saints, no matter what."

I could not help answering: "Yes, dear little girl, all this pretty lace work, these many quilts and good clothes that her hands made, have told me one by one that she was industrious and looked after the comfort of her family; I see by all your little, quiet ways to one another that she was sweet and patient; I know by your words that she was a faithful Saint, and I believe that if she had worked less hard and lived in a comfortable house she would have lived longer."

Tears came in her eyes. "I wish you could stay with us. Father was most ready to put up a good house, and now he says he must."

After breakfast he said to me, "You've taken quite an interest in my little ones, and your medicine did the baby a deal of good during the night; I'd like to show you around, if you'd like it?"

I thanked him and we went out to see the corral full of fat stock, the good orchard and then the building material and foundation for a good-sized house, all ready to begin. "If I'd only a had this done I don't think she'd have died. The wind always came in through those chinks so, there was no getting out of the draught."

I thought the same, but he seemed so good-hearted about it, I felt as though he was not really to blame, after all. Secretly and without saying so, I felt all those pretty laces and everything her hands had made enticing me to stay with the children; but my own family and home duties called me along.

An acquaintance had died; and although we had not known each other long I thought it proper to attend the funeral, which was held at her late home. The children had been given some things to divert their attention, and it was time to gather up these and put them away. As I helped to do so I noticed

the character of these every-day playthings, little colored picture books, and all of them were pretty Bible stories; and on the mantle and bracket shelves were delicate little statuettes of kneeling children, prayerful mothers, and others of like nature. Of the funeral sermon I was particularly impressed by this sentence from one who had known her from girlhood. "It can be said of this sister that she has fulfilled every principle of the gospel as it was made known to her, *without murmuring*."

"Here," thought I, "has lived one whose example has been as near perfection as is almost possible." And I did not wonder that she was called to a better world.

Upon another occasion a lady said to her guests, "Come, we'll go to the table, all is ready." As we passed from the room a little child two or three years old ran along with us, and as all were about to seat themselves they turned with one accord to where the little one had knelt beside a chair. It needed no one to say that the child had been accustomed to daily family prayer.

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

BY S. W. R.

IN the acquirement of parentage under the divine arrangement, the responsibilities assumed are of no ordinary character. The obligations and duties that attach to that condition are of the highest order known to man of all human experience.

To take from the presence of the Eternal the spiritual of man, and by an act of human agency give that spirit life on earth, places man where he is responsible to a very great extent for the safety of that life during its sojourn on earth, and for its return to a much higher degree of glory, as the result of experience in earth-life.

The laws defining the duties of parents as relates to this sacred trust committed to them, are not only wise and just, but positive in their results, and are entirely competent to consummate the desired end. The law demands that a child shall be trained in the way he should go. Being thus trained, the chief end of life here is secured, in that he will not depart from it. That there may be no injustice in making this fearful demand of parents, the child is for eight years entirely subject to parental control; and for every impress made upon the youthful mind during that period the parent must answer.

The child under eight years of age, cannot shield itself under any discipline whatever from a father's rule. God's law binds one to the other in bands that cannot be severed. It is a strictly legal obligation the parent is under, to qualify his child for a life which shall develop all the virtues and excellence that both the parent's will, and God's law combined, can impart to humanity so far as it is capable of receiving it in those tender, but most impressive years.

After eight years of careful training, such as a father's experience and a mother's love can bestow, then may be called to their aid church or ecclesiastical discipline, by which may be added to the faith inculcated by the father's virtue, patience, temperance and godliness. The father's interest in the child can never cease, nor the child ever escape from the relationship formed by the immutable law of increase.

This eight years of youthful life is sufficient to enable parents to lay a foundation on which an entire life's structure may be reared and be the pride of moral excellence, of intellectual greatness and purity of life, honorable to human parentage.

The infant is *born* into the family. It is no matter of compact, convenience or expediency; it is there by the appointment of God Himself; and it is there for most important ends: for its well-being and happiness in this life, and in an anticipated future life. The relation brings with it duties which must not be neglected; they are imposed by the Lord. One above all others on the part of the parent arises from the fact that God has placed the parent in His stead with reference to the child, and he must cause the child to act as God has directed him to act.

The child has a claim to be rightly guided until he can guide himself, and this comes by education and teaching, such as shall bring into fullest exercise both the intellectual and moral powers.

The mother is its first educator; by her the new comer is received into an atmosphere of love; and its first lesson will be one of love learned from a mother's happy smile. Its emotional nature will thus be brought into exercise, and its first experience as well as its first faint trials at the discharge of duty, will be under a loving mother's instruction.

The child here learns to have a right and a wrong, and in this way its moral nature will be brought into play early, and will be kept in exercise until conscience becomes so strong in its action that the performance of duty will be a pleasure. This is that kind of training in which one will continue when the labor of the teacher has ceased.

The habit of acting in accordance with the moral judgments should be inculcated. This habit, like others, is improved by practice; the moral emotions rise more readily; the conscience becomes more susceptible, and the mind comes to regard in a moral light all its actions; compares conduct with the standard, and justifies or condemns in every instance. The habit of moral reflection, of comparing actions with moral judgments, so that conscience may be strengthened on the side of virtue, is a necessity, and must not be overlooked.

The child has a right to this training of his moral nature, and it must come from parents. If they neglect their high duty, the child grows up under the education of nature, and the spirit becomes enslaved to sense, to the flesh. The injunction to "train up a child in the way he should go" is in accordance with the teaching of consciousness.

Parents here are often greatly deficient, and children are left to be governed by outward influence instead of inward law. Firmness of character so essential to success in life, say nothing of its higher end, is formed by this habit of acting from an inward law. There is then something fixed and stable; law becomes the rule of action; and all things governed by law may be sustained, and be sanctified by the same.

This habit is of the utmost importance in life, and it will never be formed unless by a pressure from without,—by the pressure of another and matured mind on the young and immature.

It is true, human consciousness declares it as well as divine teaching, that a child brought up in the way he should go will not depart from it.

Let the parents then rightly appreciate the immense responsibilities of their position in this respect, that the child may be able to abide the law of its creation in all things, to the everlasting honor of both his earthly and Heavenly Father.

BLESSED JUBILEE.

Words by WILLIAMS.

Music by H. H. PETERSEN.

1. O'er the gloom-y hills of dark-ness, Look my soul, be still and gaze;
 All the prom-is-es do tra-vail With a glor-ious day of grace.
 Bless-ed jub-i-lee, Bless-ed jub-i-lee! Let thy glor-ious morn-ing dawn.

Let the Indian and the Negro,
 Let the rude barbarian see
 That divine and glorious conquest
 Once obtained on Calvary;
 Let the gospel
 Soon resound from pole to pole.
 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light,
 And from eastern coast to western,

May the morning chase the night,
 Chase the darkness
 From their long benighted eyes.
 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
 Win and conquer, never cease;
 So Immanuel's fair dominions
 Shall extend, and still increase,
 Till the kingdoms
 Of the world are all His own.

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In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "Writers to the Signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not far off. The packet was received in silence, and a minute after the master saw a porter run into the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcel.

Seizing his hat the master followed, and overtaking the porter, relieved him of the packet and walked in the rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached and the doorbell rung, the youth called out,

"Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion, as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.

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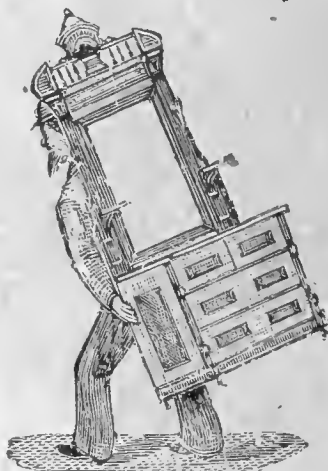
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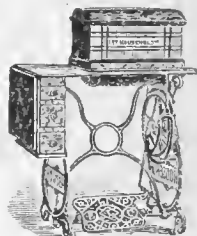
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